FIREBIRD
A POEM Q.L.K.

Come, Prince of Death.
Let us converse
I am only a poor poet
And thou art Divine
Send thy FIREBIRD if thou will
I am not afraid
But grant me this
A little life a little love
A little wine before I perish
Perhaps I shall never learn
The secret of the enigmatic stars
Thou art holy and I am but a speck
of dust in this wilderness
called universe
But men seek their loves
while yet there is life
A little time I beg of you
Before the implacable curtain descends
His final jest is destruction - oblivian
and death - his hand is set and
will not be turned from its apocryptic course
Like the poet Shelly we perish in a sea of flames
And then there is silence The play is ended
And once again only God has meaning
Yet the stars still shine
and follow their appointed courses in the night

over

What means this Poor man his mind is feeble
And he does not understand
So come lead me Gentle Christ
He has made us fear him
So I will wander in my cage of Earth
Seeking like the wind I know not what
Until becoming old and weary
I shall die never really knowing
What I was about
Great Brilliant Angel of Life and Death
Shall we really have "world without end"?
Come down from your lofty perch
For I would talk with thee
Am I a poet because I am afraid?
Tell me Golden Buddha!
Tell me gentle Jesus!
Speak, Mohammed
Inform this fool as to his fate
And then I peer up into the mute heavens
All is silence. All is jest
And yet I live - And yet I live!
Here is my place That is all I know
Good night sweet Christ!

FINIS

Exeter
neg

C.L. Kirkpatrick
ELSHWD & Rehab
Jackson La

JACKSON, LA
OCT 21
PM
1967
70748

UNITED STATES WAS

HINGTON 5

Mrs. W.J. Jerome c/o Kirkp attnd
1740 Jackson Ave
New Orleans La